A lamentable tragedy

mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the life of CAMBISES *king of* PERCIA, *from the beginning of his kingdome vnto his death, his one good deed of execution, after that many wicked deeds and tirannous murders, committed by and through him, and last of all, his odious death by Gods Iustice appointed. Doon in such order as foloweth. By*

Thomas Preston.

The diuision of the partes.

Councel, Huf. Praxaſpes, Murder, Lob, the 3. Lord.	*For one man.*	Prologue, Siſamnes. Diligence, Crueltie. Hob. Preparatiõ the 1. Lord.	*For one man.*
Lord. Ruf, Commons cry, Cõmõs cõplaint, Lord ſmirdis, Venus.	*For one man.*	Ambidexter Triall.	*For one man.*
Knight, Snuf. Small habilitie. Proof. Execution. Attendance. ſecond Lord,	*For one man.*	Meretrix, Shame, Otian. Mother, Lady. Queene,.	*For one man.*
Cambiſes, Epilogus.	*For one man*	Yung childe Cupid.	*For one man*

AGathon he whose counsail wise, to princes wele extēded:
by good aduice vnto a Prince iij. things he hath cōmended
First, is that he hath gouernment and ruleth ouer men:
Secondly, to rule with lawes, eke Iustice (saith he) then.
Thirdly, that he must wel conceiue, he may not alwaies reign:
Lo, thus the rule vnto a Prince, Agathon squared plaine.
Tully the wise whose sapience, in volumes great doth tel:
Who in wisdome, in that time did many men excel.
A Prince (saith he) is of him self, a plain and speaking law:
The law, a Schoole maister deuine, this by his rule I draw.
The sage and witty Seneca, his words thertodid frame:
The honest exercise of Kings, men wil insue the same.
But contrary wise if that a King, abuse his kingly seat:
His ignomy and bitter shame, in fine shalbe more great.
¶ In Percia there reignd a king, who Cirus bight by name:
Who did deserue as I do read, the lasting blast of Fame.
But he, when sisters three had wrought, to shere his vitall thred:
As heire due to take the crown, Cambices did proceed.
He in his youth was trained vp, by trace of vertues lore:
Yet (beeing king) did clene forget, his perfect race before.
Then cleuing more vnto his wil such vice did immitate:
As one of Icarus his kinde, forwarning then did hate.
Thinking that none could him dismay, ne none his fact, could see
Yet at the last a fall he tok, like Icarus to bee.
Els as the fish which oft had take, the pleasant bait from hook:
In sase did spring a pearce the stremes whē fisher fast did looke.
To hoist vp from the watry waues, vnto the dryed land:
Then scarpt, at last by suttle baight, come to the fishers hand.
Eke so this king Cambices heer, when he had wrought his wil:
Taking delight the Innocent, his giltlesse blood to spil.
Then mightie Ioue would not permit, to prosecute offence:
But what measure ỳ king did meat, ỳ same did Ioue cōmence.
To bring to end wᵗ shame his race, two yeres he did not reign:
His cruelties we wil dilate, and make the matter plain.
Crauing that this may suffise now, your patience to win:
I take my way, beholde I see, the players comming in.

FINIS.

First enter Cambises the King, Knight and Councellor.

Cambises.

MY Counsaile graue & sapient with lords of legal train:
Attentiue eares towards bend & mark what shalbe sain:
So you likewise my valiãt knight whose mãly acts doth
By brute of fame ỹ sounding trump doth perse ỹ azure sky. (fly
My sapient words I say perpend and so your skil delate:
You knowe that Mors vanquished hath Cirus that king of state
And I by due inheritance possesse that Princely crown:
Ruling by sword of mightie force in place of great renown.
You knowe and often haue heard tel my fathers worthy facts:
A manly Marsis hart he bare appearing by his acts.
And what? shall I to ground let fall my fathers golden praise?
No, no, I meane for to attempt, this fame more large to raise,
In that that I his sonne succæd his kingly seat as due:
Extend your councel vnto me in that I aske of you.
I am the king of Persia, a large and fertil soil:
The Egiptians against vs repugne, as verlets slaue and vile.
Therfore I meane wt Marsis hart, with warres thẽ to frequent
Them to subdue as captiues mine this is my harts intent.
So shall I win honors delight, and praise of me shall go:
My Councel speak, and Lordings eke, is it not best do so?

Councel.

Oh pusant king, your blisful words, deserues abundant praise
That you in this do go about, your fathers fame to raise.
Oh blisful day that king so yung, such profit should conceiue:
His fathers praise & his to win, from those that would deceiue.
Sure my true and souerain king, I fall before you prest:
Answere to giue as duty mine, in that your grace request.
If that your hart adicted be, the Egiptians to conuince:
Through Marsis aid the cõquest wun, then dæd of happy prince
Shall pearce the skyes vnto the throne of the supernall seat:
And merit there a iust reward, of Iupiter the great.
But then your grace must not turn back, from this pretenced
For to proceed in vertuous like, imploy indeuour stil. (will
Extinguish vice, and in that cup, to drink haue no delight.
To martiall feats and kingly sporte, fix all your whole delight.

King

King.

My Councel graue a thouſand thanks, with hart I do you ren-
That you my caſe ſo proſperouſe, intierly do tender. (der
I wil not ſwarue frō thoſe your ſteps, wherto you wold me trai
But now my Lord & valiāt knight, wō words giue anſwer plain
Are you content with me to go, the Marſis games to try?

Lord,

Yea pērleſſe Prince to aid your grace, my ſelf will liue and dye.

Knight.

And I for my habilitie, for feare wil not turn back:
But as the ſhip againſt the rocks, ſuſtain and bide the wrack.

King.

Oh willing harts, a thouſand thanks I render vnto you:
Strik vp your drummes wō courage great, we wil march forth
Councel. (euen now.

Permit (O king) few words to hēr, my duty ſerues no leſſe:
Therfore giue leaue to councel thine, his minde for to expreſſe.

King.

Speake on my Councel what it be, you ſhall haue fauour mine

Councel.

Then wil I ſpeake vnto your grace, as duty doth me binde.
Your grace doth meane for to attempt of war the manly art:
Your grace therin may hap receiue with others for your parte,
The dent of death in thoſe affaires, all perſons are alike:
The hart couragious often times, his detryment doth ſēk.
Its beſt therfore for to permit, a Ruler of your land:
To ſit and iudge with equitie, when things of right are ſcand,

King.

My grace doth yēld to this your talk, tobe thus now it ſhall:
My Knight therfore prepare your ſelf, Siſamnes for to call.
A Judge he is of prudent ſkil, euen he ſhall beare the ſway:
In abſence mine, when from the land I do departe my way.

knight.

Your Knight befor your grace euē hēr, him ſelf hath redy preſt:
With willing hart for to fulfil as your grace made requeſt.

Councel. Exit.

Pleaſeth your grace I iudge of him to be a man right fit:
For he is learned in the Law hauing the gift of wit.

In your graces presinct, I do not view for it a méter man:
His learning is of good effect. bring proof therof I can.
I do not knowe what is his life, his conscience hid from me:
I dout not but the feare of God, before his eyes to be.

Lord.

Reporte declares, he is a man that to him self is nye:
One that fauoureth much the world, and to much sets therby.
But this I say of certaintie, if he your grace succeed:
In your absence but for a while, he wil be warnd indeed:
No iniustice for to frequent, no partiall Iudge to proue:
But rule all things with equitie, to win your graces loue.

King.

Of that he shall a warning haue, my heasts for to obay:
Great punishment for his offence against him wil I lay.

Councel.

Beholde I see him now agresse and enter into place:

Sisamnes.

Oh puisant Prince & mightie king, ỹ gods preserue your grace.
Your graces message came to me, your wil purporting forth:
With grateful minde I it receiued, according to mine othe.
Erecting then my self with speed, before your graces eyes;
The tenor of your Princely wil, from you for to agnise.

King.

Sisamnes, this the whole effect, the which for you I sent:
Our minde it is to elevate, you to great preferment
My grace and gratious coũcel eke hath chose you for this cause:
In iudgment you do office beare, which haue the skil in lawes,
We think that you accordingly, by Iustice rule wil deale:
that for offence none shall haue cause (of wrõg) you to appeale.

Sisamnes.

Abundant thanks vnto your grace for this benignitie:
To you his councel in like case, with Lords of clemency.
What so your grace to me permits, if I therin offend:
Such execution then commence, and vse it to this end.
That all other (by that my deed) example so may take:
To admonish them to flée the same, by fear it may them make.

King.

Then according to your words, if you therin offend:

I assure you euen from my brest, correction shall extend.
From Persia I meane to go into the Egipt land:
Them to conuince by force of armes, and win the vpper hand.
While I therfore absent shalbe, I do you ful permit:
As gouernour in this my right, in that estate to sit.
For to detect and eke correct, those that abuse my grace:
This is the totall of my wil, giue answere in this case.

Sisamnes.

Unworthy much (O prince) am I, and for this gift vnfit:
But sith that it hath pleasd your grace, that I in it must sit.
I do auouch vnto my death, according to my skil:
With equitie for to obserue, your graces minde and wil.
And nought from it to swarue indeed, but sincerely to stay:
Els let me taste the penaltie, as I before did say.

King,

Wel then of this authoritie, I giue you your ful possession:

Sisamnes.

And I wil it fulfil also, as I haue made profession.

King

My councel, then let vs departe, a small stay to make:
To Egit land now forth with speed, my voiage I will take.
Strike vp your drumes vs to reioyce, to hear the warlike sound
Stay you heer Sisamnes Judge, and loke wel to your bound.

¶Exeunt King, Lord and Councel.

Sisamnes.

Euen now the King hath me extolde, and set me vp aloft.
Now may I were the broodered garde and lye in down bed soft.
Now may I purchase house and land, and haue all at my wil:
Now may I build a princely place, my minde for to fulfil.
Now may I abrogate the Law, as I shall think it good:
If any one me now offend, I may demaund his blood.
According to the Prouerb olde, my mouth I wil vp make:
Now it doth lye all in my hand, to leaue or els to take.
To deale with Iustice to my bound, and so to liue in hope:
But oftē times the birds be gone, while one for nest doth grope.
Do wel or il, I dare auouch, some euil on me wil speake:
No truely yet I do not meane, the kings precepts to breake.
To place I meane for to return my duty to fulfil. Exit.

¶Enter

¶Enter the Vice with an olde Capcase on his hed, an olde pail about his hips for harnes, a Scūmer & a potlid by his side & a rake on his shhulder. ¶Ambidexter.

Stand away, stand away for the passion of God,
Harnessed I am prepared to the fæld:
I would haue bæn content at home to haue bod,
But I am sent forth with my speare and shæld. ***
I am appointed to fight against a Snail,
And Wilkin Wren the ancient shall beare:
I dout not but against him to preuail,
To be a man my dæds shall declare.
If I ouercome him, then a Butter flye takes his parte,
His weapon must be a blew speckled Hen:
But you shall sæ me ouer throwe him with a fart,
So without conquest he shall go home again.
If I ouercame him, I must fight with a flye,
And a black pudding the flyes weapon must be:
At the first blowe on the ground he shall lye,
I wil be sure to thrust him through the mouth to the knæ.
To conquest these fellowes the man I wil play,
Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile:
To sæ if I can all men begile.
Ha, my name, my name would you so fain knowe?
Yea iwis shall ye, and that with all spæd:
I haue forgot it therfore I cannot showe,
A, A, now I haue it, I haue it in dæd.
My name is Ambidexter I signifie one, ***
That with bothe hands finely can play:
Now with king Cambices and by and by gone,
Thus dw I run this and that way,
For while I meane with a Souldier to be,
Then giue I a leape to Sisamnes the Judge:
I dare auouch, ye shall his destruction sæ,
To all kinde of estates I meane for to trudge.
Ambidexter, nay be is a fellow if ye knew all:
Seasse for a wile, hæraster hear more ye shall.

¶Enter three Ruffians, Huf, Ruf and Snuf singing.

Huf,

Gogs flesh and his wounds these warres reioyce my hart:
By his wounds I hope to dw wel for my parte.
By Gogs hart the world shall go euil if I dw not shift:
At some olde Carles bouget I meane for to lift.

Ruf.

By his Flesh, nose, Eyes and Eares,
I wil venter void of all cares.
Ye is not a Souldier that doth feare any dout:
If that he would bring his purpose about.

Snuf.

Feare that feare list, it shall not be I:
By Gogs wounds I wil make some neck stand awry.
If I lose my share, I sweare by Gogs hart:
Then let an other take vp my parte.

Huf.

Yet I hope to come the richest Souldier away:

Ruf.

If a man aske ye, ye may hap to say nay.

Snuf.

Let all men get what they can, not to leese I hope:
Where soeuer I go in eche corner I wil grope.

Ambidexter.

What? ye run into the Corner of some pretty maide

Snuf.

To grope there good fellow I wil not be afraid.

Huf.

Gogs wounds what art thou that with vs dwst mel?
Thou seemest to be a Souldier the trueth to tel,
Thou seemest to be harnessed, I cannot tel how:
I think he came lately from riding some Cow.
Such a deformed slaue did I neuer see:
Ruf dwst thou knowe him? I pray thée tel mée.

Ruf.

No by my troth fellow Huf I neuer sée him before.

Snuf.

As for me I care not if I neuer sée him more.
Come let vs run his Arse against the poste:

A ye slaues, I will be with you at the offe. heer let him
A ye knaues, I will teach ye how ye shal me deride, swinge the
Out of my sight I can ye not abide. about.
Now godman pouchmouth I am a slaue with you:
Now haue at ye a fresh again euen now.
Mine Arse against the poste you will run:
But I wil make ye from that saying to turn.

Huf.

I beseech ye hartely to be content:

Ruf.

I insure you by mine honesty no hurt we ment.
Beside that again we do not knowe what ye are:
Ye knowe that Souldiers their stoutnes will declare,
Therfore if we haue any thing offended:
Pardon our rudenes and it shalbe amended.

Ambidexter.

Yea Gods pitie, begin ye to intreate me:
Haue at ye once again by the maste I will beat ye.

Huf, fight again

Gogs hart let vs kil him, suffer no longer:

Snuf. Draw their swords,

Thou slaue we wil se if thou be the strongar.

Ruf.

Strike of his hed at one blowe:
we be Souldiers, Gogs hart let him knowe.

Ambidexter.

O the passion of God, I haue don by mine honesty:
I will take your parte hereafter verily.

All.

Then content let vs agree:

Ambidexter.

Shake hands with me, I shake hands with thee.
Ye are ful of curtesye, that is the best:
And you take great pain, ye are a mannerly gest.
why maisters do you not knowe me: the trueth to me tel:

All.

No trust vs, not very wel.

Ambidexter

Ambidexter.

Why I am Ambidexter who many souldiers doo loue

Huf.

Gogs hart to haue thy cōpany néeds we must proue.
We must play with bothe hands with our hostes & host
Play with bothe hands and score on the poste.
Now and then with our Captain for many a delay?
We wil not stick with bothe hands to play.

Ambidexter.

The honester man ye, ye may me trust.

¶ Enter Meretrix with a staf on her shoulder.

Meretrix.

What? is there no lads héer that hath a lust:
To haue a passing Trul to help at their néed?

Huf,

Gogs hart she is come indéed.
what mistres Meretrix by his wounds welcome to me:

Meretrix.

What wil ye giue me I pray you let me sée?

Ruf.

By his hart she lookes for gifts by and by.

Meretrix.

What maister Ruf, I cry you mercy.
The last time I was with you I got a broken hed:
And lay in the stréet all night for want of a bed.

Snuf.

Gogs wounds kisse me my Trul so white:
In thee I sweare is all my delight.
If thou shouldest haue had a broken hed for my sake:
I would haue made his hed to ake.

Meretrix.

What maister Ambidexter, who looked for you?

Ambidexter.

Mistres Meretrix I thought not to see you héer now.
There is no remedy at mæting I must haue a kisse:

Meretrix,

What man? I wil not stick for that by gisse.

Kisse

Ambidexter,

So now gramercy, I pray thée be gone:

Meretrix.

Nay soft my frend I meane to haue one.
Nay soft I swere, and if ye were my brother:
Before I let go I wil haue another. kisse, kisse, kisse.

Ruf.

Gogs hart the whore would not kisse me yet:

Meretrix.

If I be a whore, thou art a knaue then it is quit.

Huf,

But hearst thou Meretrix, with who this night wilt ỹ lye

Meretrix.

With him that giueth the moste money,

Huf.

Gogs hart, I haue no money in purse, ne yet in clout:

Meretrix.

Then get thée hence and pack like a Lout.

Huf.

Adieu like a Whore. Exit Huf,

Meretrix.

Farwel like a knaue.

Ruf.

Gogs Nailes, Mistres Meretrix now he is gone:
A match ye shall make straight with me:
I wil giue thee sixpence to lye one night with thée.

Meretrix.

Gogs hart slaue dost thou think I am a sixpeny Jug:
No wis ye Jack I look a little more smug.

Snuf.

I wil giue her xviij. pence to serue me first:

Meretrix

Gramercy Snuf, thou art not the wurst.

Ruf.

By Gogs hart she were better be hanged, to forsake me and (take thée

Snuf.

Were she so: that shall we sée.

Ruf,

By Gogs hart my Dagger into her I wil thrust.

Snuf

Snuf.

A ye boy, ye would do it and ye durst.

Ambidexter,

Peace my maisters ye shall not fight:
Ye that drawes first I wil him smite.

Ruf.

Gogs wounds Maister Snuf are ye so lusty?

snuf.

Gogs sides maister Ruf are ye so crusty?

Ruf,

You may happen to see:

Snuf,

Do what thou daresst to me. Heere draw and fight.

¶Heere she must lay on and coyle them bothe, the Vice must run his way for feare, snuf fling down his swoord and buckler, and run his vvay.

Meretrix.

Gogs sides knaues, seeing to fight ye be so rough
Defend your selues for I wil giue ye both be inough.
I wil teach ye how ye shall fall out for me:
Yea thou slaue Snuf, no more blowes wilt thou bide:
To take thy heeles a time haste thou spied:
Thou Villain seeing Snuf is gone away:
A little better I meane thee to pay.

¶He falleth down, she falleth vpon him and beat him and taketh away his weapon.

Ruf.

Alas good mistres Meretrix no more:
My legs, sides, and armes with beating be sore.

Meretrix.

Thou a Souldier and lose thy weapon?
Go hence Sir boy. say a woman hath thee beaten.

Ruf.

Good Mistres Meretrix my weapon let me haue:
Take pitie on me mine honestie to saue.
If it be knowen this repulse I sustain:

It will redound to my ignomy and shame.

Meretrix.

If thou will be my man and wait vpon mée:
This Sword and Buckler I will giue thee.

Ruf.

I will do all at your commaundement:
As seruant to you I will be obedient.

Meretrix.

Then let me see how before me ye can go:
When I speake to you ye shall do so.
Of with your cap at place and at bord:
For soth mistres Meretrix at euery word.
Tut, tut, in the Camp such Souldiers there be:
One good woman would beat a way two or three.
Wel I am sure Customers tary at home:
Manerly before and let vs be gone. Exeunt.

Ambidexter. Enter Ambidex:

O the passion of God, be they heer still or no:
I durst not abide to see her beat them so.
I may say to you I was in such a slight:
Body of me I see the heare of my hed stand vpright.
When I saw her so hard vpon them lay on:
O ỹ passiõ of God thought I, she will be with me anon
I made no more a do but auoided the chrush:
And to my legges began for to trush.
And fel a laughing to my self when I was once gone:
It is wisdome (quoth I) by the masse to saue one.
Then into this place I intended to trudge:
Thinking to meet Sisamnes the Iudge.
Beholde where he commeth I will him met:
And like a gentleman I meane him to gret

Sisamnes. Enter Sisamnes.

Since that the Kings graces maiestie in office did me set:
What abundance of welth to me might I get.
Now ỹ thẽ sõe vantage I atchiue, much more yet may I take:
But that I fear vnto the king, that lome, complaint will make

Ambidexter.

Iesu maister Sisamnes you are vnwise.

Sisamnes

Sisamnes.

Why so? I pray ye let me agnise.
What maister Ambidexter, is it you?
Now welcome to me I make God a vow:

Ambidexter.

Iesu maister Sisamnes with me you are wel acquainted:
By me rulers may be trimly painted,
Ye are vnwise if ye take not time while ye may:
If ye wil not now when ye would ye shall haue nay.
What is he that of you dare make exclamation:
Of your wrong dealing to make explication:
Can you not play with both the hands and turn with the winde?

Sisamnes.

Beléeue me your words draw déep in my minde.
In colloure wise vnto this day to bribes I haue inclyned:
Wore the same for to frequent of trueth I am now minded.
Beholde euen now vnto me Suters do procéd.

Small habilitie.

I beséech you héer good maister iudge, a por mans cause to téder
Condemne me not in wrõgful wise, that neuer was offender.
You knowe right wel my right it is, I haue not for to giue:
You take away from me my due, that should my corps reléeue.
The Commons of you do complain, from them you deuocate:
With anguish great & greuo9 words, their harts do penetrate.
The right you sel vnto the wrong, your priuate gain to win:
You violate the simple man, and count it for no sin:

Sisamnes,

Holde thy tung thou prating knaue, and giue to me reward
Els in this wise I tel thée trueth, thy tale wil not be heard.
Ambidexter, let vs go hence, and let the knaue alone.

Ambidexter

Farwel Small habilitie for help now get ye none.
Bribes hath corrupt him, good Lawes to pollute: Exeunt.

small habillitie.

A naughtie man that wil not obay the Kings constitute.
With heuy hart I wil return til God redresse my pain. Exit.

Shame. Enter shame with a trump black

From among ỹ grisly gosts I come, from tirants testy train.

Vnseemely

Unſeemly ſhame of ſoth I am procured to make plain,
The odious facts & ſhameleſſe deeds ỹ Cambiſes king doth vſe:
All pietie and vertuouſe life, he doth it clene refuſe.
Lechery and drunkennes, he doth it much frequent:
The Tigers kinde to immitate, he hath giuen ful conſent.
He nought eſteemes his councel graue, ne vertuous bringing vp
But dayly ſtil receiues the drink, of damned vices cup.
He can bide no inſtruction, he takes ſo great delight:
In working of iniquitie, for to frequent his ſpight.
As Fame doth ſound ỹ royall trump of worthy men and trim:
So shãe doth blowe wt ſtrained blaſt, ỹ trump of ſhame on him.

¶Enter the king, Lord, Praxaſpes, and Siſamnes. ¶Exit.

King,

My Judge ſince my departure hence, haue you vſed Judgemẽt
If faithful ſtuard I ye finde, the ſame I wil requite. (right:

Siſamnes.

No dout your grace ſhall not once hear, that I haue don amis.

Praxaſpes.

I much reioyce to heare, ſo good newes as this.

Cõmons cry. Enter cõmons cry

Alas, alas, how are ỹ Cõmons oppreſſed, running in ſpeak
By that vile Judge Siſamnes by name? this verſe, go out
I do not knowe how it ſhould be redreſſed. again haſtely.
To amend his life no whit he doth frame.
We are vndon and thrown out of doore,
His damnable dealing doth vs ſo torment:
At his hand we can finde no releef nor ſuccoure,
God graunt him grace for to repent. Run away crying

king.

What doleful cryes be theſe my lord, ỹ ſound do in mine eare?
Intelligence if you can giue, vnto your king declare.
To me it ſeemeth my Commons all, they do lament & cry:
Out of Siſamnes Judge moſte cheef, euen now ſtanding vs by.

Praxaſpes.

Euen ſo (O king) it ſeemd to me, as you reherſall made:
I dout the Judge culpable be, in ſome reſpect or trade.

Siſamnes,

Redouted king haue no miſtruſt, no whit your minde diſmay:

There

There is not one that can me charge or ought against me lay.

¶Enter Commons complaint with Proof & Triall.

Commons complaint.

Commons complaint I represent, with thrall of dolful state:
By vrgent cause erected forth, my greef for to dilate.
Unto the King I wil prepare, my misery to tel:
To haue releef of this my greef, and fettered feet so fel.
Redouted Prince & mightie King, my self I prostrate heer:
Vouchsafe (O King) with me to beare, for this that I appeer.
With humble sute I pardon craue, of your moste royall grace:
To giue me leaue my minde to breke, before you in this place

King.

Commons cōplaint keep nothing back, fear not thy tale to tel
What ere he be within this land, that hath not vsed thee wel.
As Princes mouth shall sentence giue, he shall receiue ẏ same
Unfolde the secrets of thy brest, for I extinguish blame.

Commons complaint.

God preserue your royall grace, and send you blissful dayes:
That all your deeds might stil accord, to giue the God ẏ praise.
My complaint is (O mightie king) against that Judge you by:
Whose careles deeds, gain to receiue, hath made ẏ cōmons cry.
He, by taking bribes and gifts, the poore he dooth oppresse:
Taking releef from Infants yung, widowes and fatherlesse.

King.

Untrustful traitor & corrupt Judge, how likest ẏ this cōplaint
Forewarning I to thee did giue, of this to make restraint.
And hast thou doon this diuelish deed, mine ire for to augment?
I sentence giue, thou Judas iudge, thou shalt thy deed repent.

Sisamnes.

O pusant Prince it is not so, his complaint I deny:

Commons complaint.

If it be not so (moste mightie King) in place then let me dye
Beholde that I haue brought wi me, bothe Proof & Tryall true
To stand euen heer and sentence giue, what by him did insue.

Proof.

I Proof doo him in this appeal, he did the Commons wrong:
Uniustly he with them hath delt, his greedy was so strong.
His hart did couet in to get, he cared not which way:

The poor did leese their due and right, because they want to pay
Unto him for bribes indeed, this was his wunted vse:
wheras your grace good lawes did make, he did ẏ same abuse.

Tryall.

I Tryall heer to verify, what Proof dooth now vnfolde:
To stand against him in his wrong, as now I dare be bolde.

king.

How likest ẏ this, thou caitiue vile, canst thou the same deny?

Sisamnes.

O noble king forgiue my fact, I yéeld to thy mercy.

king.

Complaints and Proof, redresse wil I, all this your misery:
Departe wͥ speed from whence you came, & straight cōmaūd by
The Executiō man to come, before my grace with haste. (me

All.

For to fulfil this your request, no time we meane to waste.

king. Exeunt they three.

My Lord, before my grace go call, Otian this Judges Sonne:
And he shall heare and also see: what his father hath doon.
The Father he shall suffer death, the Sonne his roume succéed
And if that he no better prooue, so likewise shall he spéed.

Praxaspes.

As your grace hath cōmaundment giuen, I meane for to fulfil:

King. step aside & fetch him.

Accursed Judge couldst thou consent, to doo this cursed il?
According vnto thy demaund, thou shalt for this thy gilt:
Receiue thy death before mine eyes, thy blood it shalbe spilt.

Praxaspes.

Beholde (O King) Sisamnes Sonne, before you dooth appéere.

king.

Otian this is my minde, therfore to me come néer.
Thy father heer for Judgmēt wrong procured hath his death:
And thou his sonne shalt him succéed, whē he hath lost his breth
And if that thou doost once offend, as thou séest thy father haue:
In likewise thou shalt suffer death, no mercy shall thée saue.

Otian.

O mightie King, vouchsafe your grace, my father to remit:
Forgiue his fault, his pardon I doo aske of you as yet.

Alas

king Cambises.

Alas although my father hath your Princely hart offended:
Amends for misse he wil now make, & faults shalbe amended.
In sted of his requested life, pleaseth your grace take mine:
This offer I as tender Childe, so duty dooth me binde.

king.

Doo not intreat my grace no more, for he shall dye the death:
Where is the Execution man, him to bereaue of breath.

Execution. Enter Execution.

At hand and if it like your grace, my duty to dispatch:
In hope that I when déed is doon, a good rewarde shall catch.

King.

Dispatch wͭ swoord this Judges life, extinguish fear and cares:
So doon, draw thou his cursed skin, strait ouer bothe his eares.
I wil sée the office doon, and that before mine eyes.

Execution

To doo the thing my king commaunds, I giue the enterprise.

Sisamnes.

Otian my sonne the king to death (by law hath me condemned
And you in roume and office mine, his graces wil hath placed.
Use Justice therfore in this case, and yéeld vnto no wrong:
Lest thou doo purchase the like death, or euer it be long.

Otian.

O father déer, these words to hear, that you must dye by force
Bedewes my chéeks wͭ stilled teares, ẏ King hath no remorce.
the gréeudꝰ gréefꝫ & strained sighes, my hart doth breke in twain
And I deplore moste woful childe, that I should sée you slain.
O false and fickle frowning Dame, that turneth as the winde:
Is this the ioy in fathers age, thou me assignest to finde?
O dole ful day, vnhappy houre, that looing childe should sée:
His Father déer before his face, thus put to death should bée.
Yet Father giue me blessing thine, and let me once imbrace:
Thy comely corps in foulded armes, & kisse thy ancient face.

Sisamnes,

O childe thou makes mine eyes to run, as riuers doo by streme:
My leaue I take of thee my Sonne, beware of this my beame.

king.

Dispatch euen now thou man of death, no longer séeme to stay:

Execution.

Come M. Sisamnes, come on your way, my office I must pay.

Forgiue therfore my deed.

Sisamnes.

I do forgiue it thée my frend, dispatch therfore with spéd.

smite him in the neck with a sword to signify his death

Praxaspes.

Beholde (O king) how he doth bléd, being of life bereft:

King.

In this wise, he shall not yet be left.
Pul his skin ouer his eares, to make his death more vile:
A wretch he was, a cruel thef my commons to begile.

Flea him with a false skin.

Otian.

What childe is he of natures mould, could bide the same to sée
His Father fleaed in this wise: Oh how it grieueth me.

King.

Otian, thou séest thy father dead, and thou art in his roume:
if thou béest proud as he hath béen, euen therto shalt thou come.

Otian.

O king, to me this is a glasse, with grief in it I view:
Example that vnto your grace, I do not proue vntrue.

Praxaspes.

Otian, conuay your Father hence, to Tomb where he shall lye

Otian.

And if it please your Lordship, it shalbe don by and by.
God Execution man for néd, help me with him away:

Execution.

I wil fulfil, as you to me did say. They take him away

King.

My Lord now that my grace hath séen, that finisht is this déed,
To question mine giue tentiue eare, & answere make w̄ spéd.
Haue not I don a gratious déed, to redresse my commons woe:

Praxaspes.

Yea truely if it please your grace, ye haue indéd don so.
But now (O king) in frendly wise, I councel you in this:
Certain vices for to leaue, that in you placed is.
The vise of drunkennes (Oh king) which doth you sore infect:
With other great abuses, which I wish you to detect.

King.

Peace

Peace my Lord, what néedeth this? of this I wil not hear,
To Pallaice now I wil return, and there to make good cheer.
God Baccus he beſtowes his gift, we haue good ſtore of wine:
And alſo that the Ladyes be, both paſſing braue and fine.
But ſtay, I ſée a Lord now come, and eke a valiant knight:
What newes my Lord? to ſée you héer, my hart it doth delight

¶Enter Lord, and Knight to meet the King.

Lord.

No newes (O king) but of duty come, to wait vpon your grace:

King.

I thank you my Lord & louing knight, I pray ye with me trace
My Lords and knight I pray ye tel, I wil not be offended:
Am I worthy of any crime once to be reprehended?

Praxaſpes.

The Perſians much praiſe your grace, but one thing diſcōmēd:
In that to Wine ſubiect you be, wherin you do offend.
Sith that the might of wines effect, doth oft ſubdue your brain
My councel is to pleaſe their harts, from it you would refrain.

Lord.

No, no, my Lord, it is not ſo, for this of Prince they tel:
For vertuous prowes and Princely facts, Cirus he doth excel.
By that his grace by conqueſt great, the Egiptians did cōuince
Of him report abrode doth paſſe, to be a worthy Prince.

knight.

In perſō of Creſus I anſwer make, we may not his grace com-
In whole reſpect for to be like, Cirus the kings father. (pare
In ſo much your grace hath yet no childe, as Cirus left behinde
Euen you I meane, Cambiſes king, in whome I fauour finde.

King,

Creſus ſaid wel in saying ſo, but Praxaſpes tel me why:
That to my mouth in ſuch a ſort, thou ſhould auouch a lye.
Of drunkennes me thus to charge, but thou with ſpæd ſhalt ſée
Whether that I a ſober king, or els a drunkard bée.
I knowe thou haſte a bliſſful babe, wherin thou doſt delight:
Me to reuenge of theſe thy words, I wil go wreke this ſpight.
When I the moſte haue taſted wine, my Bowe it ſhalbe bent
At hart of him euen then to ſhot, is now my whole intent.
And if that I his hart can hit, the king no drunkard is:

If hart of his I dw not kil, I yéeld to thée in this.
Therfore Praxaspes fetch to me, thy yungest sonne with spéed:
Ther is no way I tel thée plain, but I wil dw this déed.

Praxaspes.

Redouted Prince spare my swæt Childe, he is mine only ioy:
I trust your grace to Infants hart, no such thing wil imploy.
If that his mother hear of this, she is so nigh her slight:
In clay her corps wil son be shrinde, to passe frō worlds delight

King.

No more adw, go fetch me him, it shalbe as I say:
And if that I dw speak the word, how dare ye once say nay:

Praxaspes

I wil go fetch him to your grace, but so I trust it shall not be:

king.

For feare of my displeasure great, go fetch him vnto me.
Is he gone: now by the Gods I wil dw as I say:
My Lord therfore fil me some wine, I hartely you pray.
For I must drink to make my brain somwhat intoricate:
When that the wine is in my hed, oh trimly I can prate.

Lord.

Héere is the cup with filled wine, therof to take repaste:

King.

Giue it me to drink it of, and sée no wine be waste. Drink
Once again in large this Cup, for I must taste it stil: Drink
By the Gods I think of pleasant wine, I cannot take my fil.
Now drink is in giue me my bowe, and arrowes frō sir knight
At hart of Childe I meane to shoot, hoping to cleue it right.

knight.

Beholde (O King) wher he doth come, his infant yung in hand

Praxaspes.

O mightie King your grace beheld, with sorow I haue stand.
And brought my Childe fro mothers knée, before you to appær:
And she therof no whit doth knowe th at he in place is hær.

king.

Set him vp my mark to be, I wil shoot at his hart:

Praxaspes.

I beséech your grace not so to dw, set this pretence a parte.
Farewel my dær and louing babe, come kisse thy father dær:

A grœuous

A gréeuous ſight to me it is, to ſée thée ſlain euen héer.
Is this thy gain now from the King for giuing councel good:
Before my face with ſuch deſpight, to ſpil my ſonnes hart blood:
O heuy day to me this is, and mother in like caſe.

Yung childe

O Father, Father, wipe your face.
I ſée the teares run from your eye:
My mother is at home ſowing of a band:
Alas déer father, why do you cry:

King,

Before me as mark now let him ſtand, I wil ſhoot at him my (minde to fulfil

Yung childe.

Alas, alas, Father wil you me kil:
Good maſter king do not ſhoot at me, my mother loues me beſt (of all

king

I haue diſpatched him, down he doth fall, Shoot
As right as a line his hart I haue hit:
Nay thou ſhalt ſée Praxaſpes, ſtraunger newes yet.
My knight with ſpéed his hart cut out, and giue it vnto me.

knight.

It ſhalbe don (O mightie king) with all feleritie.

Lord.

My Lord Praxaſpes, this had not béen, but your tung muſt be
To the king of correction, you muſt néeds be talking. (walking

Praxaſpes

No correction (my Lord) but councel for the beſt:

knight.

Héere is the hart, according to your graces beheſt.

king.

Beholde Praxaſpes thy Sonnes owne hart, Oh how wel ẏ ſame
After this wine to do this déed, I thought it very fit. (was hit
Eſtéeme thou maiſt right wel therby, no dronkard is the king:
That in the midſt of all his cups, could do rhis valiant thing.
My Lord and knight on me attend, to Pallaice we wil go:
And leaue him héer to take his ſonne, whē we are gone him fro.

All.

With all our harts we giue conſent, to wait vpon your grace:

Praxaſpes

A woful

A woful man (O Lord) am I, to see him in this case.
My dayes I deem desires their end, this deed will help me here:
To haue the blossoms of my field, destroyd by violence.

Mother. Enter Mother

Alas, Alas I do heare tel, the King hath kild my Sonne:
If it be so, wo worth the deed, that euer it was don.
It is euen so, my Lord I see, how by him he doth weep
What ment I y from hands of him, this childe I did not keep:
Alas husband and Lord, what did you meane,
to fetch this Child away?

Praxaspes.

O Lady wife I little thought for to haue seen this day.

Mother.

O blisful babe, O ioy of womb, harts comfort and delight:
For Councel giuen vnto the King, is this thy iust requite?
O heuy day and doleful time, these mourning tunes to make
With blubred eyes into mine armes, frō earth I will thee take.
And wrap thee in mine apron white, but oh my heuy hart:
The spightful pangs y it sustains, wold make it in two to part.
The death of this my Sonne to see, O heuy mother now:
That from thy sweet and sugred ioy, to sorow so shouldst bow.
What greef in womb did I retain, before I did thee see:
Yet at y last when smart was gone, what ioy wert thou to mee
How tender was I of thy food, for to preserue thy state:
How stilled I thy tender hart, at times earely and late?
With veluet Pap I gaue thee suck with issue from my brest:
And daunced thee, vpon my knee, to bring thee vnto rest.
Is this the ioy of thee I reap (O king) of Tigers brood?
Oh tigers whelp hadst thou y hart, to see this childes hart blood?
Nature inforseth me alas, in this wise to deplore:
To wring my hāds O wele away, that I should see this houre.
Thy mother yet wil kisse thy lips, sith soft and pleasant white:
With wringing hands, lamenting for to see thee in this plight.
My Lording dear let vs go home, our mourning to augment:

Praxaspes.

My Lady deer with heuy hart, to it I do consent.
Betwen vs bothe y childe to bere vnto our lordly place, Exeūt

¶Enter Ambidexter. Ambidexter

In

In déed as ye say I haue bæn absent a long space.
But is not my cosin Cutpurse, wt you in ỹ mene time?
To it, to it Cosin and dw your office fine.
How like you Sisamnes for vsing of me?
Ye plaid with bothe hands, but he sped il fauouredly.
The King him self was godly vp trained:
Ye professed vertue, but I think it was fained.
Ye playes with bothe hands gwd déeds and il:
But it was no gwd déed, Praxaspes sonne for to kil.
As he for the gwd déed, on the Judge was commended:
For all his déeds els he is reprehended.
The moste euil disposed person, that euer was:
All the state of his life he would not let passe.
Some gwd déeds he wil dw, though they be but few:
The like things this tirant Cambices dwth shew.
No gwdnes from him, to none is exhibited:
But skil malediction, abrode is distributed.
And yet ye shall sée in the rest of his race:
What infamy he wil wrk against his owne grace.
Whilst, no mre wrds héer comes the kings brother.

Enter Lord Smirdis with Attendance & Diligence.

Smirdis.

The Kings brother by birth am I, issued from Cirus loynes:
A gréef to me it is to hear, of this the kings repines.
I like not wel of those his déeds, that he dwth skil frequent:
I wish to God that other waies, his minde he could content.
Yung I am and next to him, no mo of vs there be:
I would be glad a quiet Realme in this his reign to sée.

Attendance.

My Lord your gwd awilling hart, the Gods wil recompence:
In that your minde so pensife is, for those his great offence.
My Lord, his grace shall haue a time to pair and to amend:
Happy is he that can escape, and not his grace offend.

Diligence.

If that wicked vice he could refrain, from walking wine forbere
A moderate life he would frequent, amending this his square.

Ambidexter.

My Lord, and if your honr it shall please:

I can informe you what is best for your ease.
Let him alone of his déeds do not talke:
Then by his side ye may quietly walke.
After his death you shalbe King:
Then may you reforme eche kinde of thing.
In the meane time live quietly, do not with him deale:
So shall it redound much to your weale.

Smirdis.

Thou saist trus my frend, that is the best:
I knowe not whether he loue me, or do me detest.

Attendance.

Leane from his company, all that you may:
I faithful Attendance wil your honor obay.
If against your honor he take any ire:
His grace is as like, to kindle his fire.
To your honors destruction, as otherwise:

Diligence.

Therfore my Lord take good aduise.
And I Diligence, your case wil so tender:
That to his grace your honor shalbe none offender.

Smirdis.

I thank you both the intire frends, with my honor still remain:

Ambidexter.

Beholde where the King doth come with his train.

King. Enter king & 1. Lord

O Lording déer and brother mine, I ioy your state to sée:
Surmising much what is the cause, you absent thus from mée.

Smirdis.

Pleaseth your grace no absence I, but redy to fulfil:
At all assayes my Prince and king, in that your grace me wil.
What I can do in true defence, to you my Prince aright:
In redynes I alwaies am, to offer forth my might.

king.

And I the like to you again do héer avouch the same:

All.

For this your good agréement héer, now praised be Gods name.

Ambidexter.

But hear ye noble Prince, hark in you eare.

It is beſt to dw as I did declare.

king.

My Lord and brother Smirdis now, this is my minde and wil:
That you to Court of mine return, and there to tary ſtil.
Til my return within ſhort ſpace, your honor for to gréet:

Smirdis.

At your behest ſo wil I dw, til time again wée méet.
My leaue I take from you (O King) euen now I dw departe.

King. Exeũt Smirdis, attendance & diligence

Farwel Lord and Brother mine, farwel with all my hart.
My Lord, my brother Smirdis is, of youth and manly might:
And in his ſwéet and pleaſant face, my hart doth take delight.

Lord.

Yea noble Prince it that your grace, before his honor dye:
He wil ſucceed a vertuous king, and rule with equitie.

King.

As you haue ſaid my Lord, he is chéef heire next my grace:
And if I dye to morrow next he ſhall ſucceed my place.

Ambidexter

And if it pleaſe your grace (O king) I herd him ſay:
For your death vnto the God, day and night he did pray.
He would liue ſo vertuouſly, and get him ſuch a praiſe:
That Fame by trump his due deſerts, his honor ſhould vpraiſe.
He ſaid your grace deſerued had, the curſing of all men:
That ye ſhould neuer after him, get any praiſe agen.

King.

Did he ſpeake thus of my grace, in ſuch diſpightful wiſe?
Or els dwſt thou preſume to fil my princely eares with lyes?

Lord

I connot think it in my hart, that he would report ſo,

King.

How ſayſt thou? ſpeake the trueth, was it ſoo? or no?

Ambidexter

I think ſo if it pleaſe your grace, but I cannot tel:

King.

Thou plaiſt with bothe hands, now I perceiue wel:
But for to put all doutes aſide, and to make him leeſe his hope:
He ſhall dye by dent of Sword, or els by choking Rope.

Shall he succéed when I am gone, to haue moze praise then I:
Were he Father as brother mine, I swere that he shall dye.
To pallaice mine I wil therfoze, his death foz to pursue. Exit.

Ambidexter.

Are ye gone? straight way I wil followe you.
How like ye now my maisters? doth not this géer cotton?
The prouerb olde is verified, soon ripe and soon rotten.
Ye wil not be quiet, til his Brother be kild:
His delight is wholly to haue his blood spild.
Mary Sir I tolde him a notable lye:
If it were to dow again man, I durst dow it I.
Mary when I had down, to it I durst not stand:
Therby you may perceiue I vse to play with eche hand.
But how now Colin Cutpurse with whome play you?
Take héed foz his hand is groping euen now.
Colin take héed, if ye dow secretly grope:
If ye be taken Colin, ye must loke through a rope. Exit.

Smirdis. Enter Lord Smirdis alone

I am wandzing alone héer and there to walke,
The Court is so vnquiet, in it I take no ioy:
Solitary to my self now I may talke,
If I could rule I wist what to say.

Crueltie. Enter Crueltie and Murder with bloody hands.

My coequall partner Murder, come away.
From me, long thou maist not stay.

Murder.

Yes from thée I may stay, but not thou from me:
Therfoze I haue a prerogatiue aboue thée.

Crueltie.

But in this case we must together abide:
Come, come, Lozd Smirdis I haue spide.
Lay hands on him with all festination:
That on him we may wozk our indignation.

Smirdis.

How now my frends? what haue you to dow with me?

Murder.

King Cambises hath sent vs vnto thée.
Commaunding vs straightly, with out mercy oz fauour:

Vpon

Upon thée to bestow our behauiour.
With Crueltie to murder you, and make you away.

Smirdis. strike him in diuers places

Yet pardon me I hartely you pray:
Consider the King is a tirant tirannious:
And all his doings be damnable and parnitious.
Fauour me therfore, I did him neuer offend:

Crueltie. A little bladder of Vineger prikt.

No fauour at all, your life is at an end.
Euen now I strike his body to wound:
Beholde now his blod springs out on the ground.

Murder.

Now he is dead, let vs present him to the King:

Crueltie.

Lay to your hand, away him to bring. Exeunt

Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter.

O the passion of God, yunder is a heuy Court:
Some weeps, some wailes, and some make great sport.
Lord Smirdis, by Crueltie and Murder is slain:
But Iesus for want of him, how some do complain.
If I should haue had a thousand pound, I could not forbeare (weeping
Now Iesus haue his blessed soule in keeping.
Ah, good Lord, to think on him, how it doth me greeue:
I can not forbeare weeping, ye may me beleeue. VVeep,
O my hart, how my pulses do beat:
With sorowful lamentations, I am in such a heat.
Ah my hart, how for him it doth sorow:
Nay I haue don in faith now, and God giue you good morow.
Ha, ha, weep nay laugh, with both hands to play:
The king through his crueltie, hath made him away.
But hath not he wrought, a moste wicked deed:
Because king after him he should not proceed.
His owne naturall brother and hauing no more:
To procure his death by violence sore.
In spight because his brother should neuer be King:
His hart being wicked consented to this thing.
Now he hath no more Brothers nor kinred aliue:
If the King vse this geer still, he cannot long thriue.

Hob, Enter Hob and Lob,

Gods hat Naibor come away, its time to market to go

Lob.

Gods Nails Naybor zay ye zo:
The Clock hath striken viue ich think by laken:
Bum Nay vrom sléep cham not very wel waken.
But Naybor Hob, Naybor Hob, what haue ye to zel:

Hob

Bum troth Naybor Lob to you I chil tel.
Chaue two Gollings, and a Chine of good Porke:
There is no batter betwéen this and Porke.
Chaue a pot of Strawberyes and a Calues hed:
A zennight zince to morrow it hath béen dead.

Lob.

Chaue a score of Egges, and of Butter a pound:
Yester day a nest of godly yung Rabits I bound.
Chaue dorty things mo, of more and of lesse:
My brain is not very good them to erpresse.
But Gods Hat Naybor, wot st what:

Hob.

No not wel Naybor. whats that:

Lob.

Bum bay Naybor, maister king is a zhrode lad
To God help me and holidam, I think the wol be mad.
Some zay he deale cruelly his Brother he did kil:
And also a godly yung lads hart blood, he did spil.

Hob.

Horbod of God naibor, has he plaied zuch a bolish déed:

Ambidexter.

Godman Hob and godman Lob, God be your spéed.
As you two towards market do walke:
Of the kings crueltie I did hear you talke.
I insure you, he is a king moste vile and parnitious:
His doings and life are odious and vicious.

Lob.

It were a good déed some body would breke his hed:

Hob.

Bum bay Naybor Lob. I chould he were dead.

Ambidexter

Ambidexter.

So would I Lob and Hob with all my hart:
Now with bothe hands, wil ye ſée me play my parte:
A ye Whoꝛſon traitoꝛly knaues:
Hob and Lob out vpon you ſlaues.

Lob.

And thou calſt me knaue thou art an other:
My name is Lob and Hob my next Nayboꝛ.

Ambidexter.

Hob and Lob, a ye cuntry Patches:
A ye foles ye haue made wꝛong matches.
Ye haue ſpoken treaſon againſt the kings grace:
Foꝛ it I wil accuſe ye befoꝛe his face.
Then foꝛ the ſame ye ſhalbe martered:
At the leaſt ye ſhall be hangd, dꝛawn and quartered:

Hob.

O gentleman ye ſhall haue two Peare pyes and tel not of me.

Lob.

By God a vat Goſe chil giue thée.
I think no hurt by my Fathers ſoule I ſweare:

Hob.

Chaue liued wel all my life time my nayboꝛs among:
And now chould be lothe to come to ſuch wꝛong.
To be hanged and quartered the greef would be great:

Lob.

A foule euil on thée Hob, who bid thée on it treat:
Foꝛ it was thou that firſt did him name.

Hob.

Thou lyeſt like a varlet, and thou ſaiſt the ſame,
If was ſuch a voliſh Lob as thou:

Lob.

Speake many wꝛds and by cods nailes I vow:
Vpon thy pate my ſtaffe I wil lay.

Ambidexter.

By the Maſſe I wil cauſe them to make a fray.
Yea Lob thou ſayeſt true, all came thꝛough him.

Lob.

Bum vay thou Hob. a little would make me ye trim.
Giue thee a ſlap on thy noſe til thy hart ake:

Hob

Hob.

If thou dareſt dw it, els man cry creke.
I truſt beſoꝛe thou hurt me:
With my ſtaffe chil make a Lob of thée.

¶Heer let them fight with their ſtaues, not come neer an other by three or foure yardes, the Vice ſet thē on as hard as he can one of their wiues come out and all to beat the Vice, he run avvay

¶Enter Marian may be good, Hobs wife running in with a Broome and parte them.

Marian.

O the body of me huſband Hob, what meane you to fight:
Foꝛ the paſſion of God, no moꝛe blowes ſmite.
Neighbours and frēends ſo long, and now to fall out:
What? in your age to ſeeme ſo ſtout?
If I had not parted ye, one had kild another;

Lob.

I had not cared I ſwere by Gods mother.

Marian,

Shake hands again at the requeſt of me:
As ye haue been frēends, ſo frēends ſtil be.

Hob

Bum troth cham content, and zaiſt woꝛd neigboꝛ Lob:

Lob.

I am content agréed neighboꝛ Hob. Shake hands and laugh hartely one at an other.

Marian.

So, get you to market, no longer ſtay.
And with yonder knaue let me make a fray.

Hob.

Content wife Marian, chil dw as thou dwſt ſay:
But buſſe me ich pꝛay thée at going away. Exeūt Hob. Lob.

Marian.

Thou whoꝛſon knaue & pꝛickeard boy, why didſt ẏ let them fight?
If one had kild another hær, couldſt thou their deaths requite?
It beares a ſigne by this thy deed, a cowardly knaue thou art:
Els wouldſt thou dꝛaw ẏ weapon thine, like a man them to parte

Ambidexter,

What Marian may be good, are you come pꝛatling?

Ye may

Ye may hap get a box on the eare, with your talking.
If they had kilde one another, I had not cared a peale:
Heer let her swinge him in her brome, she gets him down, & he her down, thus one on the top of an other make pastime

Marian.

A villain, my self on thee I must ease.
Giue me a box on the eare: that wil I try:
Who shalbe Maister thou shalt see by and by.

Ambidexter.

O no more, no more I beseech you hartely: Run his way
Euen now I yeeld, and giue you the maistery. out while
Marian she is down,
A thou knaue, dost thou throw me down and run thy way?
If he were heer again, oh how I would him pay.
I wil after him, and if I can him meet:
With these my nailes, his face I wil greet.

¶Enter Venus leading out her sone Cupid blinde, he must haue a bowe and two shafts, one hedded with golde and th'other hedded with lead.

Venus.

Come forth my sonne, vnto my words attentiue eares resigne
What I pretend see you frequent, to force this game of mine.
The king a kinswoman hath, adornd with beautie store:
And I wish that Dianas gifts, they twain shall keep no more.
Vse my siluer sugred game, their loues for to augment:
When I do speake to wound his hart, Cupid my sonne consent.
And shoot at him the shaft of loue, that beares the hed of Golde:
To wound his hart, in louers wise, his greef for to vnfolde.
Though kin she be vnto his grace, that nature me expel:
Against the course therof be may, in my game please me wel.
Wherfore my sonne do not forget, forthwith pursue the deed:

Cupid.

Mother I meane for to obay, as you haue whole decreed.
But you must tel me mother dear, when I shall arrow draw:
Els your request to be attaind, wil not be worth a straw.
I am blinde and cannot see, but stil do shoot by gesse:
The Poets wel in places store, of my might do expresse.

Venus.

Cupid my sonne whē time shall serue, ỳ thou shalt dō this déed,
Then warning I to thee wil giue, but see thou shot with speed.

Lord. Lord Lady, waiting maid

Lady déer to King a kin, forthwith let vs proceéd:
To trace abrode the beauty fields, as erst we had decréed.
The blowing buds whose sauery sents our sence wil much delight
The swéet smel of musk white rose, to plese ỳ appetite.
The chirpig birds whose plesant tunes, therin shall hear record
That our great ioy we shall it finde, in féld to walke a brode.
On Lute and Cittern there to play a heauenly hermony:
Our eares shall heare, hart to content, our sports to beautie.

Lady.

Unto your words moste comely Lord, my self submit do I:
To trace with you in féld so græn, I meane not to deny.

Maid heer trace vp & down playing

And I your waiting maid at hand, with diligence wil be:
For to fulfil wt hart and hand, when you shall commaund me.

King. Enter king, Lord & knight.

Come on my Lord and knight abrode, our mirth let vs imploy
Since he is dead this hart of mine, in corps I féel it ioy. (breth
Should brother mine haue reigned King, when I had yéelded
A thousand brothers I rather had, to put them all to death.
But oh, behalde where I do sée, a Lord and Lady fair:
For beauty she moste worthy is, to sit in Princes chaire.

Venus.

Shoot forth my sōne now is the time, ỳ thou must woūd his hart

Cupid

Content you Mother I wil do my parte.

Shoot there and go out Venus and Cupid.

King.

Of trueth my Lord in eye of mine, all Ladyes she doth excel:
Can none report what dame she is, and to my grace it tel:

Lord.

Redouted Prince pleaseth your grace, to you shée is a kin:
Cosin Jarmin nigh of birth, by mothers side come in.

knight.

And that her waiting maiden is attending her vpon:
He is a Lord of Princes Court, and wil be there anon.

They

They ſport them ſelues in pleaſant fielo, to former vſed vſe:

King.

My Lord & knight of trueth I ſpeake, my hart it cannot chuſe.
But with my Lady I muſt ſpeake and ſo expreſſe my minde:
My Lord and Ladyes walking there, if you wil fauour finde.
Preſent your ſelues vnto my grace, & by my ſide coms ſtand:

firſt Lord.

We wil fulfil moſte mightie king, as your grace doth cõmãd.

King.

Lady déer intelligence, my grace hath got of late:
You iſſued out of mothers ſtock, and kin vnto my ſtate.
According to rule of birth you are, Coſin tarmin mine:
Yet dw I wiſh that farther of, this kinred I could finde.
For Cupid he that eyeleſſe boy, my hart hath ſo inflamed:
With beauty you me to content, the like cannot be named.
For ſince I entred in this place and on you firſt mine eyes:
Moſte burning fits about my hart in ample wiſe did riſe.
The heat of thẽ ſuch force doth yéeld, my corps they ſeorch alas:
And burnes ẏ flame with waſting heat, as Titan doth the graſſe
And ſith this heat is kindled ſo, and freſh in hart of me:
There is no way but of the ſame, the quencher you muſt be.
My meaning is ẏ beauty yours, my hart with lone doth woũd:
To giue me lowe, minde to content my hart hath you out found.
And you are ſhée muſt be my wife, els ſhall I end my dayes:
Conſent to this and be my Quéen, to were ẏ crown with praiſe.

Lady.

If it pleaſe your grace (O mightie king) you ſhall not this re-
It is a thing that natures courſe, doth vtterly deteſt. (queſt
And high it would the God diſpleaſe, of all that is the wurſt:
To graunt your grace to marry ſo, it is not I that durſt.
Yet humble thanks I render now vnto you mightie king:
That you vouchſafe to great eſtate, ſo gladly would me bring.
Were it not it were offence, I would it not deny:
But ſuch great honor to atchiue, my hart I would apply.
Therfore (O king) with humble hart, in this I pardon craue:
Sins anſwere is in this requeſt: your minde ye may not haue.

King.

May I not? nay then I wil by all the Gods I vow:

And I wil mary thée as wife, this is mine answere now:
Who dare say nay what I pretẽd, who dare the same wõstand:
Shall lose his hed and haue repoꝛte, as traitoꝛ through my lãd.
There is no nay I wil you haue, and you my Quéen shalbe:

Lady.

Then mightie King I craue your grace, to hear ẏ woꝛds of me
Your councel take of Loꝛdings wit, the lawes aright peruse:
If I with safe may graunt this déed, I wil it not refuse.

King.

No, no, what I haue said to you. I meane to haue it so:
Foꝛ counsel theirs I meane not I, in this respect to go.
But to my Pallaice let vs go, the mariage to pꝛepare:
Foꝛ to auoid my wil in this, I can it not foꝛbeare.

Lady.

O God foꝛgiue me if I do amisse:
The king by compultion, infoꝛseth me this.

Maid

Unto the Gods foꝛ your estate, I wil not cease to pꝛay:
That you may be a happy Quéen. and see mosse ioyful day.

King.

Come on my Loꝛds with gladsome harts, let vs reioice wõ glée:
Your Musick showe to ioy this déed, at the requeſt of me.

Bothe.

Foꝛ to obey your graces woꝛds our honours do agrée. Exeũt

Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter

O the Passion of me, mary as ye say, yonder is a royal court
There is triumphing and spoꝛt vpon spoꝛte.
Such loyall Loꝛds, with such Loꝛdly exercise:
Frequenting such pastime as they can deuise.
Running at tilt, Justing, with running at the Ring:
Masking and mumming, with eche kinde of thing,
Such dauncing, such singing, with musicall hermony:
Beleeue me I was lothe to absent their company. (maried:
But wil you beleue? Jesu what haste they made til they were
Not foꝛ a Miliõ of poũds one day longer they would haue taried
Oh there was a banquet royall and supererelent:
Thousands, and thousands at that banquit was spent.
I muse of nothing but how they can be maried so soon:

I care

I care not if I be maried before to morow at noon?
If mariage be a thing that so may be had:
How say you maid? to mary me wil ye be glad?
Out of dout I beléeue it is some excellent treasure:
Els to the same belongs abundant pleasure.
Yet with mine eares I haue heard some say:
That euer I was maried, now cursed be the day.
Those be they, that with curst wiues be matched:
That husband for haukes meat, of thē is vp snatched.
Fed broke with a bedstaf, face all to be scratched.
Knaue slaue and villain, a coild cote now and than:
Whē the wife hath ginē it, she wil say alas good man.
Such were better vnmaried my maisters I trowe:
Then all their life after to be matched with a shrowe.

Preparation. Enter Preparation.

With spéed I am sent all things to prepare:
My message to do as the king did declare.
His grace doth meane a banquit to make:
Meaning in this place repaste for to take.
Wel the cloth shalbe laid and all things in redynes:
To court to return when don is my busines.

Ambidexter.

A proper man and also a fit:
For the Kings estate to prepare a banquit.

Preparation.

What Ambidexter? thou art not vnknowen:
A wischéef on all good faces, so that I curse not mine owne.
Now in the knaues name shake hands with me.

Ambidexter.

Wel said goodman pouchmouth your reuerence I sée.
I wil teach ye, if your manners no better be.
A yée slaue, the king doth me a gentleman alow:
Therfore I lok, that to me ye shall bow. Fight

Preparation.

Good Maister Ambidexter, pardon my behauiour:
For this your déeds, ye are a knaue for your labour.

Ambidexter.

Why ye stale counterly baillain, nothing but Knaue? Fight

Preparation.

I am sory your maistership offended I haue,
Shake hands that betwéen vs agréement may bée:
I was ouer shot with my self, I dw sée.
Let me haue your help, this furniture to prouide:
The King from this place wil not long abide.

Ambidexter. set the frute on the bord

Content, it is the thing that I would wish:
I my self wil go fetch on Dish.

¶Let the Vice fet a dish of nuts and let them fall in the bringing of them in.

Preparation.

Clenly maister Ambidexter, for fair on the ground they lye:

Ambidexter.

I wil haue them vp again by and by.

Preparation.

To sée all in redynes I wil put you in trust:
There is no nay to the Court néeds I must. Exit Prepartion

Ambidexter.

Haue ye no dout but all shalbe wel:
Mary Sir as you say, this geer doth excel.
All things is in a redynes, when they come hether:
The kings grace and the Quéen bothe togither.
I beséech ye my maisters tel me is it not best:
That I be so bolde as to bid a gest:
Ye is as honest a man as euer spurd Cow:
My Cosin cutpurse I meane, I beséech ye iudge you:
Beléeue me Cosin if to be the kings gest, ye could be taken:
I trust that offer would not be forsaken.
But Cosin because to that office ye are not like to cõe:
Frequent your exersises, a horne on your Thumb.
A quick eye, a sharp knife, at hand a receiuer:
But then take héed Cosin ye be a clenly conuayour.
Content your self Cosin, for this banquit you are vnfit:
When such as I at the same am not worthy to sit.

King. Enter

My Quéen and Lords to take repast, let vs attempt the same
Héer is the place delay no time, but to our purpose frame.

Queene

Queene.

With willing harts your whols beheſt, we minde for to obay:

All

And we the reſt of Princes train, wil do as you do ſay.

king Sit at the banquit,

We think mine eares doth wish the ſoũd, of muſicks hermony:
Yéer for to play before my grace, in place I would them ſpy:

Ambidexter. Play at the banquet

They be at hand Sir with ſtick and fidle:
They can play a new daunce called hey didle didle.

King.

My Quéen parpend what I pronounce I wil not violate:
But one thing which my hart makes glad, I minde to explicate
You knowe in Court vp trained is, a Lyon very yung:
Of on litter two whelps beſide, as yet not very ſtreng.
I did requeſt one whelp to ſée, and this yung Lion fight:
But Lion did the whelp conuince, by ſtrength of force a might.
His brother welp perceiuing that the Lion was to good:
And he by force was like to ſée, the other whelp his blood.
With force to Lyon he did run, his brother for to help:
A wunder great it was to ſée that frændſhip in a whelp.
So then the the whelpes betwéen them both ỳ Lion did cõuince
Which thing to ſée before mine eyes, did glad ỳ hart of Prince.

¶ At this tale tolde let the Queene vveep.

Queene.

These words to hear makes ſtilling teares, iſſue from Chriſtal eyes
king.
What doſt thou meane my ſpouſe to wéep, for loſſe of any priſe

Queene.

No, no (O King) but as you ſée, frændſhip in brothers whelp:
When one was like to haue repulſe, the other yéelded help.
And was this fauour ſhowd in dogs to ſhame of royall king:
Alack I wiſh these eares of mine, had not once heard this thing
Euen ſo ſhould you (O mightie King) to brother bén a ſtay:
And not without offence to you, in ſuch wiſe him to ſlay.
In all aſſayes it was your parte, his cauſe to haue defended:
And who ſo euer had him miſuſed, to haue them repréhended.
But faithful loue was more in Dog, then it was in your grace:

king

King.

O curſed caitiue vicious vile, I hate thée in this place.
This banquit it is an end, take all theſe things away:
Beſore my face thou ſhalt repent, the wordes that thou doſt ſay
O wretch moſte vile, didſt ỹ the cauſe of brother mine ſo tẽder:
The loſſe of him ſhould græue thy hart, he bæing none offender
It did me good his death to haue, ſo wil it to haue thine:
What frændſhip he had at my hands, ỹ ſame euen ỹ ſhalt finde
I giue conſent and make a vow, that thou ſhalt dye the death:
By Cruels ſword & Murder fel, euen thou ſhalt dye the breth.
Ambidexter, ſæ with ſpæd, to Crueltie ye go:
Cauſe him hether to approch, Murder with him alſo.

Ambidexter.

I redy am for to fulfil, if that it be your graces wil.

king.

Then ought oblight my meſſage giuen, abſent thy ſelf away:

Ambidexter.

Then in this place, I wil no longer ſtay:
If that I durſt, I would mourne your caſe:
But alas, I dare not for feare of his grace.

king. Exit Ambidexter.

Thou curſed Iil, by all the Gods, I take an othe and ſwere:
that fleſh of thine theſe hãds of mine, in pæces ſmall could tere.
But thou ſhalt dye by dent of ſword, there is no frænd ne ſæ:
Shall finde remorſe at Princes hand, to ſaue the life of thæ.

Queene.

Oh mightie King & husband mine, vouchſafe to hær me ſpeke:
And licence giue to ſpouſe of thine, her patient minde to breke.
For tender loue vnto your grace, my wordes I did ſo frame:
For pure loue doth hart of king, me violate and blame.
And to your grace is this offence, that I ſhould purchaſe death:
Then curſed time that I was Quéen, to ſhorten this my breth.
your grace doth know by mariage true, I am your wife & ſpouſe
And one to ſaue ãothers helth (at troth plight) made our vowes
Therfore O king let louing Quéen, at thy hand finde remorſe
Let pitie be a meanes to quench, that cruel raging force.
And pardon plight from princes mouth, yeeld grace vnto your
That amitie wt faithful zeal, may euer be vs betwæn. (quæn:

king

king.

A caitiue vile to pitie thée, my hart it is not bent:
Nor yet to pardon your offence, it is not mine intent.

first Lord.

Our mightie prince w̃ humble suite of your grace this I craue:
That this request it may take place, your fauour for to haue.
Let mercy yet abundantly, the life of Quæn preserue:
Sith shée in moste obedient wise, your graces will doth serue.
As yet your grace but while with her, hath had cohabitation:
And sure this is no desert why, to yæld her indignation.
Therfore (O king) her life prolong, to ioy her dayes in blisse:

second Lord.

Your grace shall win immortall fame, in graunting vnto this.
Shé is a Quæne whose goodly hue, excelles the royall Rose:
For beautie bright dame nature she, a large gift did dispose.
For comelynes who may compare: of all she bëares the bel:
This should giue cause to mœue your grace, to lœue her very wel.
Her siluer brest in those your armes, to sing the songs of lœue:
Fine qualities moste excellent, to be in her you prœue.
A precious pearle of prise to Prince, a Jewel passing all:
Therfore (O king to beg remorse on bothe my knées I fall.
To graunt her grace to haue her life, with hart I dœ desire:

King.

You villaines twain, with raging force, ye set my hart on fire.
If I consent that she shall dye, how dare ye craue her life:
You two to aske this at my hand, doth much inlarge my strife.
Were it not for shame you two should dye, that for her life dœ sue
But fauour mine from you is gone, my Lords I tel you true.
I sent for Crueltie of late, if he would come away:
I would commit her to his hands, his cruel parte to play.
Euen now I sæ where he doth come, it doth my hart delight:

¶Enter Crueltie and Murder.

Crueltie,

Come Murder, come, let vs go forth with might.
Once again the Kings commaundement we must fulfil.

Murder.

I am contented to dœ it with a good will.

king.

Murder and Crueltie, for bothe of you I sent:
With all festination, your offices to frequent.
Lay holde on the Quæn, take her to your power:
And make her away with in this houre.
Spare for no feare I dw you ful permit:
So I from this place, dw meane for to flit.

Bothe.

With courageous harts (O King) we wil obey:

King.

Then come my Lords let vs departe away.

Bothe the Lords.

With heuy harts we wil dw all, your grace doth say,

Crueltie. Exeunt king, & Lords

Come Lady and Quæn now are you in our handling:
In faith with you we wil vse no dandling.

Murder.

With all expedition, I Murder wil take place:
Though thou be a Quæne, ye be vnder my grace.

Queene.

With patience I wil you bothe obey:

Crueltie.

No more words but go with vs away.

Queene.

Yet before I dye some Psalme to God let me sing:

Bothe.

We be content to permit you that thing.

Queene.

Farwel you Ladyes of the Court, with all your masking hew:
I dw forsake these brodered gardes, and all the facions new.
The Court and all the courtly train, wherin I had delight:
I banished am from happy spyte and all by spightful spight.
Yet with a ioyful hart to God a Psalme I meane to sing:
Forgiuing all & the king, of eche kinde of thing. sing & Exeũt

Ambidexter. Enter Ambidexter weping

A, A, A, A, I cannot chuse but wæp for the Quæne:
Nothing but mourning now at the Court there is sæn.
Oh, oh, my hart, my hart, Oh my bum wil break:
Mery græf so torments me that scarce I can speake.

Who

Who could but weep for the losse of such a Lady?
That can not I do, I sweare by mine honesty.
But Lord to the Ladyes mourn crying a lack:
Nothing is worne now but onely black.
I beleeue all cloth in watling street, to make gownes would not serue
If I make a lye, the Deuil let ye serue.
All Ladyes mourne bothe yung and olde:
There is not one that weareth a points worth of Gold
There is a sorte for feare, for the King do pray:
That would haue him dead, by the masse I dare say.
What a King was he that hath vsed such tranny?
Ye was a kin to Bishop Bonner, I think verely,
For bothe their delights was to shed blood:
But neuer intended to do any good.
Cambises put a Judge to death, that was a good deed:
But to kil the yung Childe was worse to proceed.
To murder his Brother, and then his owne wife:
So help me God and holidom, it is pitie of his life
Heare ye? I wil lay twentie thousand pound:
That the king him self doth dye by some wound.
Ye hath shed so much blood that his wil be shed:
If it come so to passe in faith then he is sped.

¶ Enter the king vvithout a gown, a swoord thrust vp into his side bleeding.

King.

Out alas what shall I do? my life is finished.
Wounded I am by subain chaunce, my blood is ru. nished.
Gogs hart what meanes might I make, my life to preserue?
Is there nought to be my help? nor is their nought to serue?
Out vpon the Court, and Lords that there remain:
To help my greef in this my case, wil none of them take pain?
Who but I in such a wise his deaths wound could haue got?
As I on horse back vp did leape, my swoord from scabard shot.
And ran me thus into the side, as you right wel may see:
A meruels chaunce vnfortunate, that in this wise should bee.
I feele my self a dying now, of life bereft am I:
And death hath caught me with his dart, for want of blood I spy.
Thus gasping heer on ground I lye, for nothing I do care:

A iuſt reward for my miſdeeds, my death doth plain declare.

¶Heer let him quake and ſtir,

Ambidexter.

How now noble King? pluck vp your hart:
What wil you dye, and from vs departe?
Speake to me, and you be aliue:
Ye cannot ſpeake, but beholde how with death he doth ſtriue.
Alas good King, alas he is gone,
The Deuil take me, if for him I make any mone.
I did prognoſticate of his end by the Walls:
Like as I did ſay ſo is it come to paſſe.
I will be gone, if I ſhould be found heer:
That I ſhould kil him it would appeer.
For feare with his death they do me charge:
Farewel my maiſters I wil go take barge.
I meane to be packing now is the tide:
Farewel my maiſters I wil no longer abide.

Exit Ambidexter. ¶Enter three Lords

firſt Lord.

Beholde my Lords it is euen ſo, as he to vs did tel:
His grace is dead vpon the ground, by dent of ſword moſte fel.

ſecond Lord.

As he in ſaddle would haue lept, his ſword from sheath did go:
Erring him vp into the ſide, his life was ended ſo.

third Lord.

His blood ſo faſt did iſſue out, that nought could him prolong:
Yet before he yelded vp the ghoſt, his hart was very ſtrong.

firſt Lord.

A iuſt reward for his miſdeeds, the God aboue hath wrought:
For certainly the life he led, was to be counted nought.

ſecond Lord.

Yet a princely burial he ſhall haue, according his eſtate:
And more of him heer at this time, we haue not to dilate.

third Lord

My Lords let vs take him vp, to cary him away.

Bothe.

Content we are with one accord, to do as you do ſay.

Exeũt. All

Epilogus

¶ Epilogus.

RIght gentle Audience, here haue you perused,
The tragicall Historye of this wicked king:
According to our duty we haue not refused,
But to our best intent exprest euery thing.
We trust none is offended for this our doing,
Our Author craues likewise if he haue squared amisse:
By gentle admonicion to knowe where the fault is.

¶ His good will shall not be neglected to amend the same,
Praying all to beare therfore with his simple deed:
Until the time serue a better he may frame,
Thus yelding yor thanks to end we decreed.
That you so gentlely vouchsafed vs to proceed,
In such patient wise as to hear and see:
We can but thank ye therfore, we can do no more

¶ As duty bindes vs for our noble Quéene let vs pray,
And for her honorable Councel the trueth ỹ they may v
To practise Iustice and defend her grace eche day,
To maintain Gods word they may not refuse.
To correct all those, that would her grace & graces lawes abuse,
Beseeching God ouer vs, she may reign long:
To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong.

Amen. ¶ Thomas Preston.

Imprinted at London by Iohn Allde.